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THE NEW UNITY

Reading Room Divinity School

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 23, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

Merry Christmas to All

The soul wherein God dwells (what church can holier be?)
Becomes a moving tent of heavenly majesty.
Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem were born
If He is not born in thee, thou art indeed forlorn.
Pause there! Whence runnest thou? Thy heaven is in thee!
Seek it elsewhere, God's face you'll never see.
Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
Love is the only good; love and be blessed here.
Drops mingling in the deep will all become the sea,
So souls once blent with God, a part of God will be.

—Angelus Silesius.

Anno Domini, 1657.

CONTENTS.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS;

PAGE

President H. W. Thomas ---- 951
Vice-President R. Heber Newton ---- 952
Directors P. Carus ---- 953
R. A. White ---- 953
Joseph Stolz ---- 954
W. L. Sheldon ---- 954
J. H. Crooker ---- 955
E. P. Powell ---- 955
John Faville ---- 956
Edwin D. Mead ---- 956
J. L. Duncan ---- 956
Nathaniel Schmidt ---- 956
Caroline Bartlett Crane ---- 957
N. M. Mann ---- 957
Treasurer Leo Fox ---- 958
General Secretary Jenkin Lloyd Jones ---- 958

POETRY:

My Christmas Greeting—E. G. Hirsch ---- 951
Altruism—David Starr Jordan ---- 951
Hymn of Hope—M. J. Savage ---- 953
The Christmas Joy—William Brunton ---- 958
Christmas Fancies—Albertina Woodward Moore ---- 963
Was it Christmas?—Gazelle Stevens Sharp ---- 964
If You Have a Kind Word—Glasgow Christian ---- 965

WORD OF THE SPIRIT:

The Maximum Christ—Jenkin Lloyd Jones ---- 959

THE STUDY TABLE:

Renan's Antichrist ---- 963
Two Story Books ---- 964
Moulton's Modern Reader's Bible ---- 964

THE HOME:

Helps to High Living ---- 964
St. Nicholas Day in South Germany ---- 965
Just Like the Queen ---- 966

THE LIBERAL FIELD:

Ann Arbor, Mich. ---- 966
Chicago ---- 966
List of Books for Children ---- 966

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

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The New Unity for three months for 25 cents to any present subscriber of *The New Unity*.

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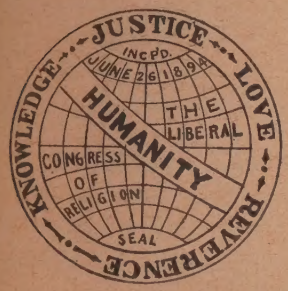
Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185 Dearborn Street.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897. NUMBER 43



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

THE CHRISTMAS GREETING

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE

LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

TO THE READERS OF "THE NEW UNITY."

What of the Night?

The Letter of Invitation.

"Dear Friend:—THE NEW UNITY will issue a holiday number under date of December 23d. I am asking every officer of the Liberal Congress to send a word of greeting, cheer or prophecy (prose or poetry), through its columns in response to the ever old and ne v cry,

'Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?'

We want to give the readers of THE NEW UNITY as much of the personal touch of the Congress as possible; let them know who its representatives are. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am brotherly yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Gen'l Secretary."

The Response.

From Vice-President E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago.

The Old New Song.

On Judah's hills that night spread out a deeper passion's heat,
A deeper hush held charmed its rock-seamed climbing plains
Expectant tremor filled the air and sounds so strangely sweet;
A hope so long deferred had found its old refrains:
"On earth be peace!" so ran the song's celestial measure
"Good will to men!" the price to win the promised treasure.

The shepherds' watching band and mute creation's gladdened host
Echoed the choired angels' softly flowing song,—
But did the hurried throng of millions warring, striking, lost?
And was that wondernight the burial doom of wrong?
"On earth be peace!" the *lips* of men oft toned the measure.
"Good will to men!" Few paid this ransom for the treasure.

Dense night is still on Judah's hills, and passions scourge our day;
And hope deferred has sickened hearts and wearied hands
Since from the heights burst forth that strangely sweet first Christmas lay;
The roar and rage of battle still fills earth's sad lands.
"On earth be peace?" our deeds belie faith's noble measure.
"Good will to men?" is, as it was, to-morrow's treasure.

Do not despair withal! The Christmastide's old love speaks true,
The night is old, but starry beacons token young dawn's birth.
Let Herods rage! In lowly hut true kings their vow renew
That builders they of heavens new to arch o'er nobler earth.
"On earth be peace!" the best of men entone this measure,
"Good will to men!" their single faith's one holy treasure!

Emil G. Hirsch

From Director David Starr Jordon, President Leland Stanford University, California.

Altruism.

"The God of things as they are"
Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
Of the thrush that sings at even.

The God of the storm and sunshine,
Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,
Of the Alp's majestic silence,
Of the soundless depths of the sea.

The God of the times and the nations,
Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
Of the limitless human soul.

For there is nothing small,
And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all—
Embodiments of Thee.

A single thought divine
Holds stars and suns in space;
A dream of man is thine,
And history finds its place.

When the universe was young,
Thine was the perfect thought,
That life should be bound in one
By the strand of love unwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle,
Waxes the bond of love.

Out from the ruthless ages,
Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman
The love of the mother and child.

David Starr Jordan

From President H. W. Thomas, Chicago.

If the Liberal Congress of Religion were a party, a sect, or belonged to any one school of thought, its field would be limited by its special ideas and aims. As such, it would take its place among the many other organizations of our time, whose work is to accentuate that which, in each, is peculiar to itself.

It is said, that extension and intension are in inverse ratios. A rope may be very long, but hardly very thick; a needle may be very sharp, but not very large; the plow that cuts deep cannot turn so

wide a furrow; the pleasure that is intense is not long continued.

In government, religion, sociology in general, the thought of the past has been intensive rather than extensive; and hence the usual order has been divided, split up into factions, contending parties and sects. This has favored the ambitions of the narrow, the self-seekers; and it has been found easier to rally the unthinking by appeals to party and prejudice, than to lead them to the study and love of the true and the good.

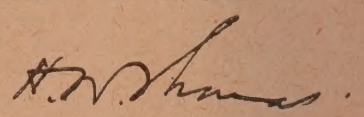
Political leaders often ask, not how or for what it is best for the people to vote, and then try to educate them up to such ideals and principles; not this but by what real or pretended issue, can we catch their votes? The statesman would ask first, what is best for the country? And it must be confessed, that not a little of the method of the politician has found its way into the churches, and the leader of a church who becomes larger than the special pleader, the retained attorney of his sect, and ventures to become the broad, noble advocate, is likely to lose his place.

But to all really thoughtful minds and generous hearts, the idea of the universal in truth and goodness must appeal, and there is, must be, a sense of repression, of limitation, in being forced in, shut up from the larger fellowships of thought and life. There must be the feeling that in being fenced in, one is fenced out, and that in most cases at least, more has been fenced out then fenced in.

The Liberal Congress of Religion has earnestly, purposefully, entered the field of the universal; politically speaking, it has essayed the task of the statesman, not the rôle of the politician. It seeks not to disturb the autonomy of any sect or denomination, not to proselyte, not to rudely shock or denounce even the prejudices of the past. It fellowships all who are in sympathy with its spirit and aim, recognizes the true and the good in all, seeks to promote unity in its love, truth, and right; and this in the great faith, that truth, when known, cannot be bad, and right cannot be wrong.

The extension, the largeness of idea of the purpose, is a weakness; if such it be, in the fact that for the time, it must meet the opposition of the narrow, and can look for the sympathy and help of those only who are willing to work and wait for the highest ideals.

The Liberal Congress of Religion must itself be a growth, must grow with the growing truth, and life, and love of the world. The thought, the work of this year, may not do for next year; should not; for evolution means progress, the even and higher views "in grace and the knowledge of the truth." The Liberal Congress of Religion has passed the initial period, has proved its right to be and its power to do, but it cannot live upon its past; too many organizations are trying to do that, and are living a dying life. "The fields are white for the harvest," never before was the world so ready, so hungry for the truth and the life that will satisfy the deepest rational and moral consciousness; and greater and greater will be the joy of those who sow to reap in the fields of the universal.



From Vice-President R. Heber Newton, New York.

My dear Mr. Jones, I follow your work in THE NEW UNITY, and your new work in the congress with deep sympathy. I am more than content to remain in the old historic church while I may be permitted so to do. I love its historic connections; its ritual and cultus. I am content with the liberty of interpretation which is now practically allowed, despite of the famous pastoral letter of the House of Bishops. I am content also with the two great creeds; the Apostles Creed and the Nicene Creed. Not that I can take them in every iota, or that I can read them throughout literally, or that they are in any sense binding and authoritative and infallible bodies of divinity to me. They represent to me the great historic consciousness of the church, which, in its spiritual affirmations, I hold to be true—its intellectual expressions changing in the outward form, or in the inward interpretation of the old form individually. As philosophy, the Nicene Creed seems to me substantially in accord with the theistic interpretation of the universe. All this, by way of preface to explain how, notwithstanding this apparent shutting up in the hard shell of a church which seems to many ultra-conservative, I can reach out in the widest and warmest sympathies for all who call themselves Christians, and for all who do not call themselves Christians, who care to call themselves by no name whatever, but who seek the truth, love justice, and help their fellows. It is no gush of sentiment; it is the recognition of the simple truth that my own interpretation of the universe cannot be my friend's interpretation; that my church's interpretation of the universe cannot be that of other churches; that my religion's interpretation of the universe cannot be that of other religions; while below all varying interpretations is the one religious sense, cognizant of the one infinite and eternal reality, which calls forth worship and aspiration. Wherever this ineffable mystery does thus call forth reverent worship and loyal aspiration for whatsoever things are true and beautiful and of good report—there is the heart of religion, its very core and marrow, I cannot but be in touch with that spirit wherever it is found, under whatever name.

Nay, more, I cannot but own that, through our intellectual interpretations of the universe, all who

seek truth and love right shall come to find themselves in accord more and more in the heart, and thus in sympathy intellectually, one with the other. Thus, I believe, it will come to pass that the great truths will become more real to us all, and that the underlying unity of all religions will make itself known. To hasten in that day is the work of THE NEW UNITY and the Congress, as I understand it. Therefore, I am heart and soul with you, and, in being so, I am disloyal to nothing that I hold true —only loyal to what must be true above my holdings and above any one's else holdings. You are doing a great work. The signs of the times are auspicious. Men's eyes are opening. Men's hearts are widening. The fences of the sheep folds are falling away. The sheep are following the Good Shepherd—the Divine Ideal. The one flock of true souls is growing; that true church which our own prayer book teaches to confess, in our holiest office, the communion office, "is the blessed company of all faithful people." "Over all belief is faithfulness."

Despite of all misunderstandings and prejudices, you are fighting the winning battle. The stars in their courses are fighting against all the Siseras of ecclesiasticism and dogmatism.

R. Heber Newton

From Vice-President M. J. Savage, New York.

He sends word of preoccupation, but encloses the following hymn which, though previously printed will doubtless be new to many of our readers, as it represents the still present conviction of the poet:

Standing upon the mountain top,
We catch the kindling ray
That reddens in the east, and tells
The coming of the day.

The valleys all in shadow lie,
And dark is every plain:
It seems as if the world's long night
Would never cease its reign.

But when the eastern hill-tops glow,
We know the night is past;
And, though the valleys still are dark,
The day must come at last.

Thus Hope, her cheering lesson reads
In every dawn of day:
How slow soe'er the shadows lift,
The night must pass away.

From Director P. Carus, Chicago.

The Christmas bells will soon chime, and with their harmonious peals they will bring joy and merriment into every household. There is a secret charm in the celebration of this holy festival. It is wonderful what sacred gladness attaches to the sight of the glorious tree that remains green in winter time, when it is decked with glittering ornaments and its many candles shed their joyous light upon the circles of frolicking children with roseate cheeks and beaming eyes.

What is the mystery of this jubilant feast, and how is it possible that wherever it has been introduced, there it will remain as the dearest and most cherished of all holidays.

First, Christmas was celebrated as Yule-tide by the old Teutons, especially by the most northern tribes of the great Teutonic family, the Norsemen and the Saxons, as the return of the sun, as salvation in midst of anxieties and troubles, as the victory of light over darkness. As many other feasts, so Christmas, and Christmas, it seems, more than others, is a festival of natural religion. Then the Christians adopted it and very appropriately selected it as the memorial day of the birth of the Savior.

Yule-tide lost none of its charms when it was first changed into Christmas. On the contrary, the sacred joys of Weihnacht gained in spiritual depth and importance, preserving all the while the old pagan ceremonies that symbolize the immortality of light and life.

Christmas is not a feast of any special creed or nationality. The custom of celebrating it has spread from the Teutonic nations to France, and Spain, and Italy, and Ireland, and over the whole world. It is now the family feast of almost all mankind whether they believe in Jesus as their Savior or not.

We keep the Christmas season as a dear and sacred time which in the midst of a dreary winter night reminds us of the sun's return. Darkness cannot conquer light, and death cannot conquer life. Christmas teaches us to bear up bravely in troubles, to keep up hope in misfortunes, to preserve the courage of life in the midst of struggles, of cares, and worries, and to spread joy around us, so far as it is in our power.

Paul Carus

From Director R. A. White, Chicago.

The Christmas season is a season of high ideals. It is the vision seeing time of the year. The high aims and dreams of Jesus renew themselves in the heart of men. We dream anew of what life might be, stripped of its selfishness and sordidness, robed in the white garments of righteousness. In the main this is a hard-headed, practical age. So practical and hard-hearted that it does not yet see that dreamers and dreams, and high ideals unattained, are among the world's greatest practicalities. It is well for men to be practical, it is equally well for them to be visionaries of the right sort. Civilization has ever been lured on to great deeds and high endeavors by ideal visions. The legend of the knightly search of Arthur's knights for the Holy Grail is the legend of humanity. Half concealed, half revealed, now present, now vanishing, always possible, it charmed into eager search the most

chivalric of men, by its promise of saintlier times and holier ways in the lives of men. Knight errantry was a sentiment. But in days when weakness had no friend and virtue on defenders, this knightly brotherhood, fascinated by visions and ideals of purity and righteousness, rode over northern Europe redressing wrongs, making themselves arms for the weak, voices for the oppressed. Clumsy and inadequate as it was, the sentiment of knight errantry was the moral impulse of Europe for many a year, and the search of these valiant knights for their fugitive ideals lifted Europe a long way toward higher ethical and spirittual standards,. Sentiment has ever conspired with necessity to urge humanity forward. One was a rear force the other a van force. One pushed and drove, the other beckoned and lead. But the dreams that have led have been as potent as the necessities which have driven. Jesus was a dreamer, and the world still follows after the social ideals of the Nazarene. Paul was a dreamer. Bruno was a dreamer. Luther had his visions and swore his knightly vow to follow whither they led. Francis of Assisi, outdreamed the dreamers, yet the world owes much to this dreaming monk. Columbus on one side was the incarnation of the commercial spirit of Europe seeking expansion, but on the other a Catholic visionary incarnating the grand missionary dreams of his great church. I make a plea this Christmas time for the dreamers, the visionaries, the idealists. For those who build no drainage canals, rear no high buildings, torture no fair streams with the flames and soot of industry, the prophets of spiritual things and forces, the vision seekers. The world owes much to the hard headed men of practical affairs. But when the history of civilization shall be discriminately and truly written, justice will be done not only to the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, but to those who builded the temples of high ideals and wrought out the abiding inntellectual and spiritual factors of social life. They who sought, seeing the invisible.

R H White

From Director Joseph Stolz.

Do I give utterance to an untimely word and a discordant note when I declare that the past few years have been a grave disappointment to the Jew who fancied that, after his long, long night of suffering and degradation, the morning had dawned for him, too, and at last "Peace and good will to men," would include those who are flesh and blood of the Nazarene Rabbi. But, alas, in the past two decades anti-Semitism has steadily grown and is daily growing, gathering strength and momentum as it grows, spreading not only in darkest Russia and semi-civilized Roumania and Galicia, but to an alarming degree also in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, the most cultured centers of the world. In sheer despair some Jews, Zionists, now seriously propose, as the only remedy the establishment in Palestine of a Jewish state, guaranteed by treaty rights. This seems to me neither adequate nor consonant with Israel's higher mission and destiny. It is a backward not a forward step. The Jew must not now abandon his long-drawn fight with prejudice, intolerance, and the other demons of the night. He must stay where he is and battle for the right and for his rights and show the world how insincere is that Christian love and charity which unblushingly denies peace and good will to a race that has shown such wonderful ability, evidenced such spiritual power and produced such men of eminence in every walk of life.

I do not despair of the outcome. Looking at events, from the point of view of eternity, *sub specie æternitatis*, as Spinoza's phrase runs, from a watch-tower above the din and confusion of human passions, I see the final triumph of knowledge, justice, love, and reverence. After the night the morning is sure to come, and not the least important of these heralds of light I esteem the Liberal Congress of Religion which, with the higher claims of the spirit, is making an open fight on that most mischievous and treacherous of modern heresies which claims that the whole differences between men and nations lies in the corpuscles of the blood. Results may not be apparent at once. Let the agitation however, go on. "Ideas are the forerunners of deeds," say the Rabbis. "Morning cometh."

Joseph Stolz

From Director W. L. Sheldon, St. Louis.

"What of the night?" Well, if I were to speak from what my eyes tell me I should be discouraged. But speaking from what my heart tells me, I have more faith and hope than ever. Sometimes it strikes me when I look out on the world, as if religion had come to an end; as if church and society were in a process of decay or dissolution. One sees the old brute struggle going on, man against man, nation against nation, race against race. And the cry goes up, will it never end? The world is so old; we have had so much experience; the law of right has been written so plainly across the skies! And yet we close our vision, walk with heads down, and find it so hard to believe in the Light. And then to think of all the real light which has been in the world, and where it has come from; how it was born out of the same human heart which has been existing these thousands of years! Out of this human heart of ours came the luminous glow in the teachings of

Buddha; out of the same heart came the prophesies of Isaiah and the hallowed teachings of Jesus. Out of this human heart came the aspiration of the Stoics after ideal Manhood. Out of this heart came the spiritual self-surrender of a Thomas á Kempis. It is the same human heart which has given me my heroes and my martyrs, my faith in man, and my faith in that which is behind, beneath, and above man. And I say to myself, if the divine voice could speak thousands of years ago, or could speak again in the gloom of the dark ages, may it not be that we shall hear it once more in the coming century? The old original heart of man does not change. To-day it seems as if we were in the bloom of darkness once more; as if the cloud of selfishness were settling down deeper and deeper over the race of man. But beyond the cloud from my heart there comes a glow of faith in the light, I seem to see its gleam ahead, although my naked eye will not disclose it to me. The old, original, inspired human heart is going to speak again with its voice of warning and its voice of promise. The generations ahead shall see what we cannot see. We are passing out of one age on into another. It is our misfortune to be only on the stepping stone. But it is a stepping stone upward. And that is enough for me.

W. L. Sullivan

From Director J. H. Crooker, Troy, N. Y.

THE SIGNS OF DANGER are: Insincerity in pew and pulpit, parishioners making a mere social convenience of the church and pastors using phrases to conceal their real thoughts; the unjust getting and using of wealth, enslaving laborers and raising the suspicion that the government is unduly favorable to the rich,—a dangerous condition, which no lavish gifts of ill-gotten fortune to educational institutions will remedy; a daily press, edited with an eye blind to everything but counting-house receipts, which are swelled by appeals to all that is brutish in man, mistaking for valuable "news" vile incidents that ought never to be known outside the darkness where they fester.

THE DIVINE DEMANDS are: That every minister publish all the truth that he possesses, that every layman make his influence and contribution tell for his private conviction. That churches co-operate to bring in that kingdom of God which is the Republic of Man. That every American citizen appreciate the sanctity of his political heritage and obligation, and use his power to the utmost to protect the commonwealth against its common enemies —intemperance, bribery, and piratical partisanship. That all men with a conscience, make themselves heard in denunciation of a journalism that fosters every form of iniquity. That the Bible be opened afresh and its simple but sublime lessons of reverence and righteousness be substituted for mythical rites and irrational dogma. And that the story of Jesus be retold with emphasis on the Golden Rule and the Beatitudes.

THE ASSURANCES OF PROGRESS are in the facts: That the providential order of the universe elects for preservation those that love and serve, converting inspiring writings into scripture, scenes of martyrdom for truth and right into holy places, and heroes of self-sacrifices into saints; that human nature is inherently noble, witnessing for the goodness of God in its own struggle for the best; that schools are educating men in wisdom and training them in character; that libraries and clubs are creating high ideals and distributing motive power; that prophets of the soul decorate every faith and lead people by various ways to repentance and service; that out of the turbulence of the toilers will issue a higher civilization because humanity is always evolving through strife; and that the dear Lord our God is in his world working with us by the lips of every man who pleads for justice and mercy, by the hand of every woman who heals a broken heart, and by the life of every one who keeps himself pure and makes himself useful. And to all those who are in earnest for these things, the Liberal Congress sendeth greetings.

J. H. Crooker

From Director E. P. Powell, Clinton, New York.

Our NEW UNITY is indeed a unity of promise as well as fulfilment. The future is an assured harvest of better things than we have yet seen. In 1893 we began to touch hands. Few would believe that we could reach over sectarian lines. Now we have fellowship from all quarters. The old watchword of toleration is growing into that of brotherhood; we are learning to work together without being called by the same title, and we find it as easy for John and Thomas and James to work together without having the same Christian names. If any one still hate us we remember that without hate no good thing is assured of its value. But we shall reply with love; for ours is a constructive mission. The era of tearing down has passed away.

We are called to the grander joy of building. It is the temple of the angels that must rise under human hand. Thank the Lord for having called us to the work. With love for the UNITY brethren.

E. P. Powell

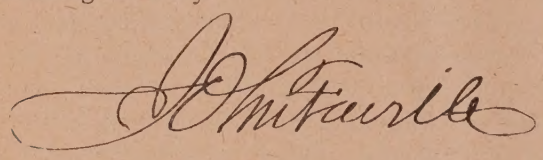
From Director John Faville, Appleton, Wis.

We have had, in our city, within the past few weeks two instances of fellowship and co-operation in which there are signs of promise.

At the last session of the "Pastors Union," which

meets semi-monthly in our church, an Episcopal clergyman led in the opening prayer. A Catholic priest had a paper on "The Temporal Power of the Pope," and a Jewish Rabbi, with others, discussed the theme.

We have just completed a religious caucus of our city. In order to hear the reports of the annual meeting of the State Sunday-school association, and to perfect arrangements for the census, the Sunday-school board of our church, through its pastor and superintendent, invited all the pastors of the city, with their wives and Sunday-school officers and teachers to an informal reception in the church parlors. Every denomination in the city (nine) was represented by pastor or superintendent or teachers in that gathering. A delightful and profitable evening was the result, and every denomination contributed workers for the taking of the census on the following Saturday.



From Director Edwin D. Mead, Boston.

Mr. Mead, always sympathetic, writes, regretting preoccupation, but the following words, taken from his appreciative estimate of George Ripley, in the Editor's Table of the *New England Magazine* for December, will well serve as a fitting message to the readers of THE NEW UNITY and the friends of the Liberal Congress:

"The whole nation needs a new religious baptism and a new religious vision and imperative. The churchman, the politician, the business man, the working man,—a new and higher sense of the dignity of human nature and the divine, eternal issues of human life and destiny is what every one of them needs, every one in his place. This would undermine and swallow up a thousand of the controversies over social and industrial details which we are now waging so painfully. This is the greater which holds the less, and which alone can dispose of the less permanently. * * * To organize human society definitely according to divine law, to make the aim and duty of the Christian and the citizen the same, to do God's will on earth as it is done in heaven, was the high endeavor of Puritanism."

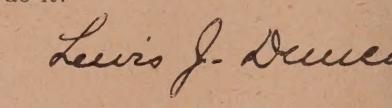
From Director L. J. Duncan, Milwaukee, Wis.

Greetings to THE NEW UNITY and to all at this holy season of good will, when men cease long enough from their selfishness to cry unto each other across life's turmoil, the benedictions of peace. Right gladly do I join in the chorus we chant thus to each other at Christmas-tide. It is humanity's ideal, a prayer and a prophecy, its beautiful theme charms us, we love to sing it. Yet its music is but a feeble thread of melody against the clash and clangor of the selfish struggle of the work-a-day world, the blare of its haughty pride, and the harsh dissonance of the bigotry, the sensuality, and the ignorance prevalent in modern social life. It is no wonder that men and women, to-day, so generally despair of the ideal and doubt if ever it can be realized, or their prayers answered, or the prophesy fulfilled—so far away seems sweet peace.

I am reminded again, at this Christmas season, that if we, who are reaching forward to a larger fellowship, have any distinctive mission it is to be the bearers of a message and a revelation which shall banish the world's despair, allay its doubt, and reinforce its faith.

Too long the world has harked back to the messianic song that centuries ago floated over Judea's hills; too long its eager gaze has been strained to catch the sight of its deliverer in some remote future; too long its feeble faith has sought strength and solace in some sweet by-and-by of perfect harmony and peace. There is a religion of the life that now is which holds the key to all its mystery and the solvent of all the hardships which cause our despair. —It teaches that to-day, as of old, the deliverer is manger-born; that out of earth's turmoil and pain, its heart-breaking failures and devastating sins, there issues a permanent good which he who seeks shall find; that life can be trusted, and that he who will live in that faith, obedient to its supreme law of self-renouncing, love and service will attain the power to rise above all its pain and disorder into the serenity of the beautiful soul which shall command the reverence and adoration of shepherds and kings.

This religion of the life that now is, it is ours of the Liberal Congress to teach and to exemplify. We must put our principles to the test of action. Will we do it?



From Director Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.—Many a sun will rise before the church that is based on sacred rites and sacred formulas will be entirely a thing of the past. Many a sun has set, seeing in the bosom of humanity the growing life of the church that is to be. What the outward forms of this life will be no man knows. No true prophet ever had much success in predicting future events. Some soothsayer, less concerned about the victory of ideas and principles, more observant of the way the wind blows, generally excels him in this art. Yet the eyes of earnest men turn to the future, watching eagerly those currents of thought and life that carry good things to the race, gazing wistfully toward some bright goal to which the conscious, self-determining development should lead.

Present tendencies point to marked changes in the ecclesiastical life of the near future. These will affect doctrine, ordinances and polity. A cleavage runs through all denominations. The new estimate of the universe, brought about by natural science and the application of scientific methods to the study of sacred books, have created everywhere a liberal wing, demanding at least modification of dogma and securing gradually its subordination to more vital interests. Salvation by magic is fast becoming a thing of the past. The emphasis is being placed on the symbolic, optional, and spontaneous character of the ordinances. The church of the future will not be creedless, each member will be busy building his own creed, but fellowship will not be based upon assent to certain formulas. Nor will symbolism disappear, the ardent soul will seek expression for its faith in acts as well as in words, but neither water nor bread will be deprived of its didactic value by being made a necessary condition of fellowship. The principle of self-government is constantly gaining ground in the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches. A chief obstacle to the adoption by the Congregational churches of a truly representative system has been the unwillingness to jeopardize the independence of the local church in matters of faith and practice. When this local church shall cease to ask of its members a common creed, be it ever so diminutive, its representatives will not be called upon to decide doctrinal points, but only to deliberate in regard to useful co-operative work, and the episcopate will be elected by self-governing bodies. The developing parish idea, leading the ethical and religious forces in each district to unite for common work and ultimately to settle in one adequate, beautiful and always open church-home, will break up denominational lines and allow a society to drop the old sect-name without losing its place in a larger whole.

The missionary work of the church of the future will not be done by proselyting, by sending rabbis across the sea to persuade men to abandon the faith of their fathers, to throw away the good with the bad, to adopt the indifferent with the important, but by colonization for the primary purpose of helping men to live good lives and then to teach them by spiritual contact to centre their faith upon the essentials in all religious thought and sentiment. At home likewise, the work will be directed to the cultivation of the religious impulse for the uplifting of individual and social life.

Harrowing doctrinal examinations, as prerequisites for ordination, will no doubt cease ere long, and in course of time the very practice of setting aside sacred persons. Worship will no longer be a trade, all members of society will be ministers, and the leaders in ethical and religious work will be most anxious to justify their share in the commonwealth by some other form of useful work as well. With the development of social conditions, we may well think that only a few hours a day will be demanded of each individual for the securing of a competence, leaving time each day for intellectual, moral and religious pursuits. Then no day will be considered holier than any other.

Because the Liberal Congress of Religion is avowedly working for this church of humanity, I deem it worthy of support.

Nathaniel Schmidt

From Director Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo.

The one thing needful for us is, to learn to work together. We have liberty, collectively and individually, liberty enough. We are free churches, and free men and women. We are working for a good cause —how good will be more clearly seen when the twentieth century is in its prime. Our Congresses are good for us and for others ; let us make the next one the best of all. But, better still, let us devote the two remaining years of this century to furthering our acquaintance and coöperation with each other—to a federation of interest and effort which shall be an electric chain running through all the year, its clasp being our annual gatherings of the Liberal Congress. Let the ministers spend part of their summer vacations together. Let the churches in neighborhood of each other; get intimately acquainted. Let all the people of all the churches know our aims, difficulties, and burdens, and then they will share them.

Let not the dawn of the new century still find our forces scattered, unnumbered, unorganized, and hence but half effectual. Let us draw up in order. Let us rally round our evangel THE NEW UNITY. Let us go forward *together*. When we know each other and work with each other, we will share each others' strength and help each others' weakness and cheer each other's faith, and the "signs of promise" will grow brighter in our skies. I, for one, pledge myself to this effort during the two remaining years of this good century.

Caroline Bartlett Crane

From Director N. M. Mann, Omaha.

My greeting is a word of gratitude to the Liberal Congress for its vote to hold its next annual meeting in Omaha, in connection with the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition. The preparations for the exposition go on apace. Already a city of simulated marble has sprung up, as if by magic, around a lagoon so lovely that we could wish to keep it forever, and the attendants upon the congress will be at liberty to fancy that it is all for

them. Surely all things are ours; we are heirs of the future! At least we think so; and our thinking so will not hinder the members of the fifty-three other conventions that have decided to come from indulging in a similar fancy.

The Congress of Religion will be sure of a hearty welcome in Omaha, for the liberal sentiment is stronger here than are the liberal churches, permeating several of the nominally orthodox congregations, and not altogether wanting in the unchurched, who are the great majority. But the service will be from the other side; the congress will come to do good, rather than to get good. If only our visitors will teach us how to reach a lot of people who naturally belong with us, but who as has been forcibly said, "habitually treat their religion as if it were a poor relation, to be recognized on occasion of a family funeral, at other times to be quietly ignored."

Newton M. Mann

From Treasurer Leo Fox, Chicago.

Your treasurer sends compliments of the season to all of the friends of the Liberal Congress of Religion, as well as to all the readers of THE NEW UNITY and hopes that each and every one of them were sufficiently prosperous during the past year to continue to support us with their valued favors in the shape of financial aid. Send in your checks at an early date for the purpose of continuing the noble work so earnestly begun of spreading among the people the principles of Liberal Thought of Religion.

Leo Fox

From the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.

And now may I drop the editorial "we" and send my personal greeting in connection with my associates to the readers of THE NEW UNITY and the believers in the faith of love who seek harmonies underneath all diversities and labor for that synthesis of faith which alone gives a growing ethical power. He who reads this far has already *overlooked* Jew, Episcopalian, Unitarian, Congregationalist, Universalist, Independent, and representative of the Ethical movement, and seen, instead, in each one a brother anxious to take a hold of hands, ready to work together for a very definite ideal.

Who will join hands with us? The heartiest greeting the loving heart can give is an invitation to co-operate. The noblest gift we can send in this gift-giving season is an opportunity to engage in a common task, an invitation to common work. The highest inspiration of the Liberal Congress is found in the great demands that wait upon it. Localities look to us to inspire and guide them in the development of inclusive churches, seven-day churches that will stand primarily for the interest of the community rather than for the interest of a denomination or a sect. Ministers and laymen look to us to open up fields of activity, to give them an opportunity to work on undogmatic lines where they can invest their head as well as their heart and conscience energy in the work of elevating life. Readers are asking for our printed word in more permanent form. They call for the Nashville messages of Professors Dolbear and Schmidt, Rev. B. Fay Mills, Anna Garlin Spencer, and others, in pamphlet form, so that they may be continuously in the field. As yet we have only been able to put Prof. Schmidt's address in this form.

In the name of the Congress, on behalf of THE NEW UNITY, I join my brethren in asking for your co-operation. Narrow indeed is the life that never makes a sacrifice for a cause, a wide cause, a general cause. Torpid is the spirit that never lends a hand to anything but a local demand, who only remembers near needs and only tries to answer the more material and neighborhood calls for help and sympathy. As Secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion I send my holiday greetings in the way of a hearty invitation for further co-operation in Congress work, in extending the circulation of THE NEW UNITY in every state, right now by entering into the generous plans of the publisher offered in late issues on our second page. Helping is helpful to the helping as well as to the helped. If 1898 is to be richer than 1897, it will be because we have lived more generously and for higher causes in the year to come than in the year gone. Here is my hand. Who will accept it?

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

The Christmas Joy.

O Christmas good, what means this mirth,
  That spreads the wide world round?
Has something precious come to earth?—
  And where can it be found?
  'Tis found forsooth in love and truth,
  All in your hearts 'tis found!

Behold a pleasure ages old,
  Descends to mark this day;
It doth mankind in bliss enfold,
  With promise it shall stay;
  It stands forsooth in love and truth,
  And ne'er may pass away!

Now every home new beauty wears,
  Because of heart-born child;
He comes to banish common cares,
  By inspirations mild;
  And we in sooth perceive the truth—
  Of love the undefiled!

Therefore we sing the joys that bring
  Forgetfulness of hate;
Therefore we sing friendship is King,
  And duty is its mate;
  Ah! here in sooth is truth of truth—
  That love is lord of fate!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

The Maximum Christ.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, even God."—Mark x:18.

"Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly father is perfect."—Matthew v:48.

Hold ourselves down as we may there is a premonition of joy and spiritual buoyancy, an elasticity of heart creeping into our souls. Reason as we may about hard times there is a flutter of angel wings in the atmosphere. In short Christmas puts every one of us, old and young, into a merry mood. There is no growler but what will toss a "Merry Christmas" response to the greeting of a child on Christmas morning; there is no pessimist but who will have a smile in store for the first bright face that greets him on Christmas day. Let the weather be dark or sunny, let it be snowy or muddy, be you sick or well, rich or poor, you cannot escape a contagion of joy on Christmas day. No hovel is so mean but what the house-wife therein will try to give it a touch of beauty on Christmas eve. The dingy furniture will be brushed up a bit and a spray of pine or a sprig of holy will get in. No father is so dejected or so pinched with poverty but he will try to touch up with cheer the life of the little one with a stick of candy, a rosy apple, a few nuts, if nothing more. And no man is so mean in his wealth, no millionaire is so isolated behind his capital that he will venture to delegate wholly the joy-giving power of his wealth to his agents, clerks, wife or daughters at Christmas time. But he will be compelled to put his own hand to the wheel that grinds out merriment.

Do you ask whence this joy? Why this merriment? You might as well ask, whence the perfume of the rose? Why is the apple red? The scientist may measure a dew-drop, decompose a soap bubble, and analyze the pigments on a butterfly's wing; tell us as much as he may of the "why" and the "what" of all these things, still the facts are larger than the explanation. The best thing in all of these are elusive, but real and incalculable. So this Christmas joy. I listen to all explanations and would fain accept them all, and then say, it is something bigger than all your explanations. Our Christmas joys have been augmented by the accumulation of the races and the spheres. Novelists, poets, and musicians have woven these rainbow tints into the glory arch. At Christmas time we meet the Druid with his mistletoe berries gathered by his golden sickle, emblem at once of man's dependence and man's immortality. We meet our Saxon fore-elder with his yule log and holly bough. We pass under the Pagan festoons of our Teutonic ancestors. We are hushed into a weird ecstacy by the elf tales of our Skandinavian fore-elders as they teach us to put out the bread and curd for the trolls at Christmas time, fasten sheaves of wheat on the weather vanes of the barns for the birds at Christmas time. We dance around the Christmas tree of Pagan Goths at Christmas time, and we gather the fruits from that tree, many of which are grafted from the old Roman Sigillaria, the feast of little images, the one wild, mad children's carnival day which ended the great festival of Saturnalia, the mid-winter solemnities and festivities of Pagan Rome. This Rome received in turn from the mystic land of the Nile, the mother of the sphynx and the pyramids. And her Pharaohs in turn had been instructed by the star-gazers of the farther East, the shepherds on the far off plains of Chaldea, the herdsmen on the foot-hills of the Himalayas who waited anxiously for the returning of the retreating sun god which, when he came and the winter days began to lengthen, filled their hearts with psalm-singing joy. It was into this world festival that the angels of Palestine chanted their joy. It was into this cosmic jubilee that the song of "Peace on earth, to men good will" came. Christianity used but did not create this festival. Its roots are astronomical, not theological. Jesus blessed the banquet already prepared or preparing. He added a benediction to the beatitudes of joy and hope which had been formulated and were being formulated in the universal heart of man.

Thinking of Christmas thus, it would be ungracious to mar this universal chorus by invidious comparisons or discriminating reproaches against the more obscure contributors. Will you stop the orchestra in the midst of a triumphant movement of the great oratorio to give special laudation to the leading cornet or the masterful violin? Are not the groaning viols, the pleading flutes, the crying piccolos, and even the fretting drums and tinkling cymbals necessary to the grand performance, a part of the splendid elation? Stop these and even your transcending cornet and divine violin can give no orchestra. They fail in transmitting to our ears the inspirations of the master.

This much by way of introduction to our study of the Christ element in the Christmas joy.

The theory which makes of Jesus, one of the great players in the universal orchestra, a cornet voice in the great music of humanity, has been often dismissed with impatience and indignation as being the "mere man theory." In the name of religion I resent the phrase and deny the imputation. "Mere man?" Who dares put this diminutive adjective to any fact or factor in the infinite universe of God? In the same skeptical spirit men are wont to talk of "mere morality," which atheistic phrase called forth the splendid retort of Emerson. "Mere morality? It is," says he, "as if one said 'poor God, and nobody to help him!'" We who are constrained to recognize the story of creation scratched upon the face of a pebble; the mysteries of the cloud condensed into a dewdrop; the secret of the locomotive in the singing throat of a tea-kettle; the story of the race epitomized in the story of a babe, resent with the indignation of devout piety the insolent adjective that would make common or insignificant the life of a fly. He who has met God face to face but once in his life, whether it be under the sublime dome of a star-lit heaven, in the ecstacies of a rose-garlanded summer day, the sanctities of a woman's "yes," the clinging helplessness of a babe, or the deep pathos of a mother's grave, will never dare insult high heaven with his contemptible adjective of "mere" to anything that lives and loves. If there is an immeasurable elment in every crystal which reaches out and includes all the realms of

the inorganic world; if there is an immeasurable element in every cell which holds, as does the acorn the oak, all forms of organic life, how much more is there an immeasurable element in every human heart, however fettered by ignorance or stained by sin. By virtue of his essential humanity, in spite of its degradations and deprivations, any man, every man is allied to Shakespeare and Plato; he is a brother to Darwin, Newton and Aristotle; he has within him the strings, untuned indeed, but strings allied to those which vibrated in the harp of David, the lyres of Goethe and Shakespeare. Take the beggar, whiskey-soaked and tobacco-stained, whom you turned from your door last night as unworthy the biscuit he asked for, and I would rather be the poor and naked worshiper in the heart of Africa who kisses his amulet and wears his lucky stone as a totem around his neck in blind recognition of the divine mysteries and the infinite potencies that surge and sway around him and within him, than the man who, in his Christian conceit, dares call that tattered beggar, more ragged in spirit than in raiment, a "mere" man, a something bounded, fixed, fated or finished. Because he is a man, not in spite of his being a man, is he allied to the angelic race, the heavenly Titans, the celestial possibilities, whatever they are or wherever they are, which make glorious the realm of life and potent the thought of soul.

If then, I would resent this belittling method of philosophy, I must still more resent the belittling method of theology. If God stands self-revealed and self-confessed in these stumbling fragments of spirits about us, the fretful sinner in his sins, fretful because God-harassed; the uneasy head that wears a crown, uneasy because the crown of brief authority and arbitrary rule ill-fits the brow designed for more divine uses; how much more will we discover God self-revealed and self-confessed in the creative hand and heart and mind of Phidias and Michael Angelo, in the producing brain of Shakespeare, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Browning, and still more in the moral rectitude and divine compassion of Moses and Zoroaster, Sokrates and Paul, Buddha and Jesus. If there is a God anywhere in the realms of being he is most where God-like attributes are most revealed. If he be a God of love he reveals himself most in the loving. If he be a just God to us he is most present where justice is most deeply entrenched; if God is a God of law and order, he is most revealed where law culminates in finest effects, in noblest potencies, and fullest orb. The man Jesus, illustrated, prophesied, the maximum Christ, the highest anointing of the infinite Spirit, the measureless revelation of the Lord of life. If you go in search of a minimum Christ, bounded, fettered, ended, you will find him in a being resting in miracles, made possible by an interruption of the divine unfoldment; a revelation that is only a rift in the cloud, a life that is a spasm of the god-head thrown out in a given time and space, allowed to scintillate for thirty years on the shores of Galilee, then withdrawn, taken back into the heart of God-head. The minimum Christ rests on the wine made of water at Cana; on the swine, devil-possessed, drowned at Gadara; on the five thousand, fed by five loaves of bread and two fishes; on the fig-tree, withered by an impatient curse; on the revivication of a dead body on resurrection morn. Because these things at best happened but once, never happened since, and may never happen again. Even their happening once is a matter of doubt. It is a question of a record that has been questioned, the evidence is not wholly satisfactory, to say the least it is in dispute, men equally competent, equally consecrated to the truth, differ in their estimate of the reliability of this record.

But would you find the maximum Christ, he rests on the golden rule, on the beautitudes, the parables of the prodigal son and the good Samaritan; on the benignant spirit that took little babes in its arms, defied custom at Jacob's well in Samaria, dined with publicans and sinners, extended the hand of justice, pity, and patience over sin-smitten women, and died with "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," upon his lips. These foundations are adequate to sustain the maximum possibility of the Christly spirit, the anointed of God, because they are true everywhere and always; they have been corroborated in other times and other places; they have been tried and they work. The beatitudes are echoed in India and China. The Dhamapada, the path of virtue trod by Sakya-muni, the self-renouncing prince, shines with the same crystal steps as does this path up the mount traveled by Jesus. The golden rule was spoken in China, Persia, Greece, and Judea before Jesus spoke. It is one of the eternal verities of which it can be said, "Before Abraham was, I am." The lily blooms in Illinois as in Palestine. "The rose is queen among the flowers" in Chicago as in Sharon. There is a cherubic sweetness about the babe of the Norwegian as well as the babe of the Jew. The little one drives away sordid devils from the hearts of parents in America as in Judea. Of one, as of the other, it may be said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And it is just as true of the Presbyterian or Unitarian as it was of the Pharisee and Sadducee, that "unless they become as one of these little ones they may not enter the kingdom of God," which is the kingdom of the good, the kingdom of kindness and of rectitude. Build on these foundations and you build on the same foundation as that on which the moral universe rests. You strike the eternal granite of the eternal God.

Men do not like to put a limit upon the superlative things of earth. We do not like to have a line drawn around our thought; we resent that which fetters our action. So why should we put a limit to this immeasurable potency revealed in the life of earth's noblest?

> Draw who can the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine,
> Which is human; which divine.

As we see this Judean figure, earth-rooted, law-conditioned, the normal Jesus, how it reaches up, and up, and up into the celestial realms, assuming God-like proportions, and how that measureless mystery we call God reaches down and back through this life of Jesus into the life of the disciples, on through them leavening the lump of Roman hardness, vivifying with hope and prophecy the courageous masses of European Paganism, touching with love the grim Goth, curbing with patience the restless Viking, qualifying with diligence the explosive Celt, de-nationalizing Saxon and Norman, fusing them all into modern civilization. How through Him has the divine reached down

into the home and into the heart of the individual, chiming the Christmas bells into melody, giving coherence to the universal song, articulating the universal message, "Peace on earth and good will to men." Angels singing to the shepherds on the plains of Judea? No. Angels singing to all shepherds, on all plains, singing everywhere and always. These are the divine teachings of God through Jesus to men, credible, indisputable, because they are akin to the divine reachings of God through other men, through all men. It is His way of dealing with men.

The maximum Christ is the highest reach of the human soul not in fact, but in ideals. Our maximum Christ is the highest nobility, the greatest tenderness, the largest reverence we can conceive. It is the human soul carried up to its highest perfection, it is the dream of the human heart, the spiritual pattern which broke upon Paul in his vision. It is an interesting study to see how far history, in its constructive methods, can carry Jesus towards this Christly ideal. The outlines of the life of the Nazarene are dim in many places, but there are enough of them seen to warrant us in discovering an immeasurable tenderness in him.

The times into which he was cast were turbulent. The clash of races did not make for pity. Battle times are not the times to develop gentle souls and still here was one whose touch was soothing, whose word was pacifying, whose presence seemed to be healing. Even now we can almost imagine his touch upon the feverish brow driving away the ache. We can almost hear the tones that caused the tears to dry. He was the friend of the friendless. He befriended the upright spirit in the fallen. His was a heart in love with children and with flowers, and it must have been in touch with the birds and the fields. And are these not Christly graces?

Then there was measureless hope in his life. Whether he considered himself the "Messiah" that was expected as some think, or whether it was the Messianic age which seemed to him immanent, as others think, he certainly had a gospel, a "good word," as the name implies, something that made men hopeful, something that caused them to take heart again in the face of political tyranny. In the near presence of political defeat and extermination, he spoke cheering words. There is a kingdom of God, explain it as you will, which to him seemed at hand. He was undismayed to the last. And who dare measure the potency of that hope or fix the bounds of its source or of its tendency?

One thing more. He had, I think, a measureless power of endurance. He was the resistless Christ, the unrelenting advocate, the unbending prophet, an element too often left out of people's conception of Jesus. There is something debilitating in the Jesus of the artists.

They have given him a face that is weak from sentimentality. There is a sickly sweetness about it that suggests the taste of treacle. I do not object to the feminine element in the man, but it is a pity when that runs into effeminacy, and this is the case in the conventional Christ-head of the artists. This is why the Christ of Munkacsy, in his great picture of Christ before Pilate, is to me an inspiring and a more satisfying one. Here is the Jesus with a backbone, the Jesus that stood up undaunted to confront his enemies, the Jesus that was not afraid to offend and could not be swayed by love no more than by fear; the Jesus that had the fortitude to face not bayonets, that is easy, but to face tears. Many a man can stand undismayed and receive a charging line of soldiers, who will not run away from his post, turn his back on his convictions and his duties, even when assailed by woman's tears, woman's pleadings, and woman's love.

When Daniel Webster was asked for the most sublime thought he had ever had, he said, "the thought of man's responsibility." That same thing filled the philosopher Kant with an awe akin to that awakened by the stars in the heavens, and this highest element, perhaps, in the human soul, finds immeasurable revelation in Jesus. When he could do nothing else he could stand. When he could not argue he could declare; when he could not live any longer he could die unintimidated, and in his death mingle his fortitude with tenderness, his loyalty with love. We like to look back across these eighteen centuries and catch the pitying smile, the radiant hope upon that face but most of all I like to look upon the inflexible face that, like the great stone face in the Franconia Notch, looks down upon the passing world undaunted, unmoved. Amid storm and sunshine, success or failure, there he stands. I do not find it hard to transfer the lines which Maurice Thompson inscribed to Lincoln as still more fitting to this superlative spirit of Judea who suggests a measureless endurance.

> His was the tireless strength of native truth
> The might of rugged, untaught earnestness;
> Deep-freezing poverty made grave his youth,
> And toned his manhood with its winter stress
> Up to the temper of heroic worth,
> And wrought him to a crystal pure and clear,
> To mark how nature in her highest mood
> Scorns at our pride of birth,
> And ever plants a life that must endure
> In the strong soil of wintry solitude.

The great hero of Greek art was Prometheus, the Titan, who defied the powers of Olympus, rebelled against Jove himself, in order that he might befriend man and bring a boon to mortals. Shelley, whom Christianity spurned, the immortal child which Oxford cast out as an atheist, in his great drama, Prometheus Unbound, one of the highest creations in our language, represents this Titan in his torture after having endured all the physical agony the ingenuity of heaven could devise, as visited by the furies who tried him still farther by carrying the torture inward and placing his spirit upon the rack. As a last resort the highest resource of this divine malignity came when the veil that concealed the furture from the eyes of this man-loving, freedom-serving spirit was torn down and he was compelled to look down the coming ages and to see there the agony, the wrong, the injustice which awaited the race of man which he had tried to bless by putting into their hands the Promethean spark, the fire that led to the arts and industries of men, the fire that enflamed their desires. The height of this Titan's agony came when he was compelled to look upon two pictures in history, the saddest in the story of the world. One was the crowning cruelty of Calvary; the other the awful ruins of good intentions and noble principles by the French revolution. These awful furies tried to break down Prometheus's spirit by showing him these pictures.

> One came forth of gentle worth,
> Smiling on the sanguine earth;

His words outlived him, like swift poison
Withering up truth, peace and pity.
Look where round the wide horizon
Many a million-peopled city
Vomits smoke in the bright air.
Mark that outcry of despair.
'Tis his mild and gentle ghost
Wailing for the faith he kindled:
Look again, the flames almost
To a glow-worm's lamp have dwindled:
The survivors round the embers
Gather in dread.

As the Titan saw

Drops of bloody agony flow
From his white and quivering brow.

Groans tore his heart, as "storms tear the deep." The attendant spirit, Ione, asked of her companion, Panthea,

What dost thou see?

And she replies,

A woeful sight; a youth
With patient looks nailed to a crucifix.

To which the Fury exclaims,

Behold an emblem: those who do endure
Deep wrongs for man, and scorn and change but heap
Thousand fold torment on themselves and him.

And the suffering Prometheus finds a tongue in the face of this torture,

Remit the anguish of that lighted stare;
Close those wan lips; let that thorn-wounded brow
Stream not with blood; it mingles with thy tears
Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death,
So thy sick throes shake not that crucifix,
So those pale fingers play not with thy gore.
O, horrible.

But when the Fury, thinking that the sufferer begins to weaken, hastens to take advantage of the point made, his prompt retort was,

Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes,
And yet I pity those they torture not.

When the Fury found that even this waked more pity for the torturers than for the tortured, it spoke no more and vanished in despair, leaving the brave hero, the indomitable champion of the right, to be ministered unto by the spirits of earth. Then follows the sweetest series of lyrics found in our language. The spirits of hope in defeat, the prophecy in the heart of man hasten to console him. One spirit came bearing the message of self-sacrifice to cheer him. It had witnessed a storm on the deep.

I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh;
Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff
And spread beneath a hell of death
O'er the white waters. I alit
On a great ship lightning-split,
And speeded hither on the sigh
Of one who gave an enemy
His plank, then plunged aside to die.

Wisdom, human wisdom, born out of the sages' brain, kindling into a dream of high desire, came to cheer him, and rarer help than all these came from the spirit of poesy, the imagination that illumines life with the roseate hues of the ideal, to cheer the inflexible Titan.

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the ariel kisses,
Of shapes that haunt thoughts' wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succor thee.

These are the spirits that wait upon courage, that are inspired by endurance. Fortitude is that virtue farthest removed from the attainment of the beast. Here is the supra-nature, the upper nature, the higher climax that makes the man and he is the god. On these levels somewhere the divine and the human meet and the infinite flows consciously into the finite. Up there we see what true manhood is and how divine in its very essence it becomes. Up there the revelation comes, so well described by Shelley, the prophet of human liberty and human progress, the doubting Shelley, who through doubt discovered the maximum Christ.

The painted veil,—by those who are called life,—
Which mimicked, as with colours widely spread
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside,
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains,—
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man;
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself, just, gentle, wise: but man.

It is upon some such road as this that we must travel towards our highest Christmas joys. We are to find our maximum Christ along these human lines, grounded in lowliest helplessness, capped by divine poetry, heavenly philosophy, world-studying science. It was on this road that Jesus traveled on his way to such Christship as has been given him in the world.

The maximum point is not yet reached, for Jesus is unintelligible except to him who brings his human experience to the study of his character, and when bringing such to this study, Jesus becomes a benignant spirit, a sustaining master, a reclaiming and redeeming Savior. Would you prepare yourselves for Christ appreciation you must reconcile in yourselves the paradox of the Nazarene, "Why callest thou me good, there is none good save one." Out of the same mouth came the other limb of the paradox, both of which are true, "Be ye also perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Let this Christ of resistance to evil within the soul be studied and then to Jesus may be inscribed the inspiration which Shelley found in the story of the Greek Titan, both alike teaching the apotheosis of love, the method of the spirit which converts desire into fruition, hope into history.

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, for the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep
And narrow verge of crag-like agony springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.
Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength,

* * * * * *

These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom
To suffer woes which Hope makes infinite
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and jovous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

The Study Table.

Christmas Fancies.

When the days are dark and the nights are long,
Glad Christmas comes, amid bursts of song;
It comes, with its joys and its tender yearning,
To banish all strife and grief and pain.
We cannot but feel like children again
When the glowing Christmas candles are burning,
And a mantle of snow the earth covers o'er,
Pure snow, that fell gently the night before.
It always snows of a Christmas eve,
In snow-flakes our eager fancies we weave.

Half hidden mem'ries with matchless pow'r,
Arise in our souls, in that blessed hour
When the Christmas bells proclaim great gladness,
And lift us away from a world of care,
To float with the angels in yonder air,
Through regions beyond the clouds of sadness,
We think that we hear a message of spring
While o'er the white world the bells gaily ring.
It always snows of a Christmas eve,
In snow-flakes our eager fancies we weave.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

Madison, Wis.

*Rénan's Antichrist.

The publication of this volume, one of the most interesting and characteristic that Rénan ever wrote, is very timely, following as it does so closely on the heels of Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis?" The difference in the method of the two writers, both dealing with the times of Nero, is not so absolute as one might anticipate from the fact that Rénan is writing history and Sienkiewicz is writing fiction. History itself is, in the eyes of Rénan, a kind of fiction. He is persuaded that we never can get at the exact facts; that if we should confine ourselves to these our ancient histories would all be very short. He has a way of saying, "In the absence of any real knowledge of this matter, it is permitted us to think as we please;" and he frequently avails himself of this permission. Napoleon said that "History is a fable agreed upon." Renan does not think it necessary that it should be agreed upon. He gets all the facts he can and then he pieces them out with his imagination and discrimination. The result is something very pleasant to read and something which gives us a great sense of reality, with an undertone of grave suspicion that things might have been quite different from this representation.

Sienkiewicz has in some respects kept very close to Rénan's representation, in others not so close. It does not seem likely that in preparing for his novel he went behind Rénan very much to his authorities, Tacitus, and Suetonius, and Dion Cassius, and the other historians and writers innumerable on whom Rénan at least nominally relies. Going back to these, it is no such easy matter to connect the atrocities of Nero with the Christians in any manner whatsoever. The connection is almost entirely a matter of inference. Sienkiewicz follows Rénan closely in his conception of Nero as a sentimental monster of sensuality and cruelty, of such enormous vanity as few men have ever shown. It is a pity that Sienkiewicz did not succeed so well in reproducing Rénan's Peter and Paul, for these have blood in them, while the figures so named in "Quo Vadis?" are the most bloodless ghosts that ever walked the stage. There is one vice of Sienkiewicz's novel for which Rénan does not furnish a particle of justification and that is his reflection back upon the time of Nero of that primacy of Peter in the Roman church which was ultimately developed into the Papacy.

It must be confessed that certain critical studies of a later date than Rénan's completion of "Antichrist" twenty-five years ago have affected its value in a very serious manner. According to the chronology of Harnack, Paul died in 58 A. D., six years before the Neronian persecution coincident with the burning of Rome. While Harnack does not think that Peter came to Rome until some time after the death of Paul, Rénan conceives of the two being there together, and he gravely discusses their relations, while he concedes that the fact that Peter went to Rome at any time is far from being certain. How very far we can judge by considering the weight of the authorities given in an elaborate note. Of course, if Paul died in 58 A. D., so far as he is concerned, Rénan's history should be entirely rewritten. Another critical opinion of recent development, having a serious bearing on the history, is that of Harnack, Vischer, and others that the Apocalypse or "Revelation of St. John the Divine" was not originally a Christian but a Jewish writing which was afterward made over into a Christian one. Rénan dates the book at 69 A. D., but it is now certain that there are parts of it which date from the closing decades of the century. If the opinion that the writing was originally a Jewish one should be completely established, it would not, perhaps, affect the general conclusions of Rénan so much as it would appear to at first sight. The apocalyptic views of Jews and Christians were probably substantially the same in 69 A. D. Both Jews and Christians may have identified Nero with the Beast, whose number is given, and have expected his return from some mysterious hiding-place to ravage Jerusalem or the Christian church. But whatever general agreement there was between Jews and Christians on this head, it is certain that, to bring it into conformity with the conception of the Apocalypse as a Jewish writing, or even as a writing begun in Galba's time and finished in Domitian's, Rénan's history would have to be considerably revised.

Nevertheless, as it stands, the book is a most striking one, a work of genius, like everything that Rénan did. The story of Nero's career is horribly impressive and the account of the Jewish war which ended with the destruction of Jerusalem is most interesting and pathetic. Renan is a great historian in his ability to reproduce the "form and pressure" of a distant time entirely alien to our own. He is wise to know that there is "a value in what may be in substance false; in documents even spurious," for, as he says, "they paint the soul, and are often truer than barren fact." To the historian nothing is common or unclean, if he would know what the past times were in their multiform reality. Dr. Allen's translation is so admirable that it leaves nothing to be desired. Rénan's style was so individual that a faithful translation into good English

*ANTICHRIST.—Including the period from the arrival of Paul in Rome to the end of the Jewish Revolution. By Ernest Renan, author of "The People of Israel," "Life of Jesus," etc. Translated and Edited by Joseph Henry Allen, late lecturer in Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University. Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1897. Cloth. 8vo., $2.50.

idiom makes him stand before us "in habit as he was." He is a man that cannot be hid by a translator who understands his work and does it faithfully, and these conditions have been fully met in Dr. Allen's translation of this remarkable product of the great Frenchman's subtile and always fascinating mind. J. W. C.

Two Story Books.

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The story of the awakening of the conscience of an English rector of the thistle-down variety cannot fail to interest when written with the genuine ability of this book.

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M. E. F.

SELECT Masterpieces of Biblical Literature edited with an introduction and notes by Richard G. Moulton M. A., Ph. D., Professor of Literature in English at the University of Chicago. New York: Macmillan Co.: 1897. Cloth, 16mo, 50 cts.

In this supplementary volume to the *Modern Reader's Bible* Prof. Moulton has gathered up into one sheaf the choicest things contained in that series. The selections are made with much discrimination and convey in an admirable manner an idea of the Bible's literary wealth. The selections are classified under the heads "Stories," "Oratory," "Wisdom," "Lyrics," "Rhapsody." Under the head of "Wisdom" there is a sub-heading, "Sonnets," against which we must again protest as an unfortunate example of Prof. Moulton's passion for naming things and pigeon-holing them. M. Brunetière tells us that the French stylist would rather mistate a thing than not state it clearly, and Prof. Moulton would rather misname any form of literature than not name it at all. J. W. C.

*THE FALL OF THE SPARROW.—By M. C. Balfour. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

*ELEMENTARY JANE.—By Richard Pryce. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.— My heart greatly rejoiceth and with my song will I praise the Lord
MON.— Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty.
TUES.— Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
WED.— Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.
THURS.—Be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart.
FRI.— Into thy hand I commit my spirit, O God of truth.
SAT.— The Lord will bless His people with peace.

Psalms.

Was it Christmas?

In November, with sweet, wistful look,
Said a four-year-old pet "Mama, dear,
You talk about Christmas so long,
Won't you tell me just when 'twill be here?"

Mamma showed the calendar gay,
That hung near her little white bed,
"'Twill be Christmas when both leaves are gone,"
Scarce pausing to think what she said.

She caught off the papers this wee girl,
And, with lips that seemed made to be kissed,
Said, "They're gone! Is it Christmas right now?"
Showing both leaves in one chubby fist.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

St. Nicholas Day in South Germany.

It is quite as though the children in South Germany had the joy of two Christmas days. On the sixth of December comes St. Nicholas day, a holiday given up to the children.

Last year in Freiburg, the mild, bright day was ushered in by the clanging and ringing of bells, and the hurrying of the people to early mass. There is usually a holiday in the schools, and the result was the streets were swarming with children going about and exchanging and displaying the curious compounds of cakes and bread made in the images of fierce old men.

St. Nicholas appears to different families in various guises. To some children he comes as a punishment for all the wrong-doings of the past year, and to others as a jolly, good old man, who is a sort of a forerunner of Christmas. For a week beforehand the shops, and especially the bake-shops, were festive with the gay toys and fascinating cakes and bread images of St. Nicholas. These figures oftentimes are of an old man with a bundle of switches in his hand, in the act of chastising a small child, or perhaps leading a small boy away on account of his badness. The children look forward to the day with great eagerness, tempered with just a bit of anxiety as to what St. Nicholas might do in case he found out they had not always been walking in the way of righteousness.

On the evening before St. Nicholas Eve, usually after supper, a tinkling of bells is heard announcing the arrival of St. Nicholas. The doorbell rings vigorously, and he appears in the room where the family and children, in various conditions of mind, have gathered to greet him. He is very much like our own jolly St. Nick, with a merry round face, with a nose like a cherry, and the other character-

istics so well known. He has a bag on his back stuffed with both good and bad, and, rubbing his hands, he greets the company, and then calls each child by name and asks him in regard to his actions in the past year and his promises for the future. If the record is good and he can recite a bit of verse or jingle, it pleases St. Nicholas mightily, and he rewards his goodness by a small gift with fruit and cakes. After each child has been rewarded according to his deserts, good St. Nicholas departs with many flourishes and much tinkling of bells to go to the other children of the town. The effect seems good on the little ones, and the behavior until Christmas time is remarkably good. On Christmas day the Christ-child appears and brings the gifts for this good behavior.

St. Nicholas often appears dressed as a bishop, with a miter on his head, and a scepter in his hand. This venerable old man, in his long white robes and long snowy hair and beard, is very effective in his appearance. After the customary recital of verses and bestowal of gifts, he gives a long lecture to the parents as to their government and details of treatment of the children, and the children are admonished to obey their parents and be good, and to tell him what they would like the Christ-child to bring them for Christmas.

The custom of keeping St. Nicholas day in South Germany seems to be due partly to the large proportion of Catholics there, and partly to the greater persistency of the people in keeping up their local customs. It is a source of pleasure to parents that their children should celebrate the old festivals with the very forms they themselves once observed. This festival in the South German provinces is treated as only a prologue to the great day that is to follow. It is the children's great festival of the whole year. It seems to be a slight variation from the St. Nicholas day in South Austria, where they have no Christmas in our sense of the word. There the celebration of the nativity of Christ is a religious festival in the church and little more.

In North Germany the Christmas-man comes, as our own Santa Claus, on the twenty-fifth of December, and it is he, jointly with the Christ-child, that bestows the gifts around the Christmas-tree for the children and grown-up folks.

The character of St. Nicholas in Austria is usually taken by a young man versed in the church catechism. He is arrayed in a long, white robe with a silken scarf and a miter and scepter. He sometimes has with him two angels, dressed somewhat like choir-boys, each of whom carries a basket or bag, and along in the background follow a troop of devils with blackened faces, horns, and other distortions that only small boys can devise. They are bound together with chains, which they rattle furiously. In the twilight of the fifth of December the bishop makes his rounds to the various houses where the children are collected in parties. He enters with the angels, while the devils wait outside.

A great silence falls upon the assembled company, and the children are called up and examined religiously. This is carried out with great seriousness. If the trial is passed successfully, the angels step forward and give the child gifts and nuts and cakes of fantastic forms; or, if he fails, he has to stand aside. When the inquisition is over, the devils are allowed to enter and frighten the children, but not to touch them, and amuse them with their strange dances and antics. Their whole appearance is farcical, and for the evening they are allowed great license and fun in the village. After St. Nicholas has departed the children go to their homes, with the expectation that St. Nicholas will visit each house separately and be more generous and bring them more gifts. So, after saying their prayers with more than usual earnestness, they put baskets and dishes on the window-sills and go to bed. The parents later put their simple gifts in these places.

The sixth of December, the real day of the feast, is celebrated in the churches alone. The celebration of this day in this way does not seem at all out of keeping with the lives of the simple people.

After knowing about and after having seen this festival, St. Nicholas appears especially interesting to any one concerned with literary history. And when we think of some of the scenes in the miracle-plays, they seem more comprehensible to us, and we can understand why it was that a great deal of horse-play was introduced in the most sacred subjects.—The Outlook.

Just Like the Queen.

A little girl was gazing through the iron bars of a tall fence. She was small, freckled, and ragged. It is needless to say that she was on the street side, for on the other was a stately mansion, great trees, and most beautiful flowers.

Her little face was so eager, and her attitude so pathetic, that a lady in passing stopped to see what had attracted the child.

Beside the fence coping was a flower-bed a foot wide and blooming thickly; in and out 'mid the wide, green leaves were clustering stems of fragrant white flowers.

"Say, lady," came from the child, "what is them flowers, please?"

"Lilies of the valley."

"Oh, yes," said she quickly, while a bright expression came over the little scripture-quoter's face; "them's the kind that 'toil not, neither do they spin'—*just like the queen.*"

Just like the queen! "They toil not," yet people come to admire and praise. They are modest and pure, and everyone loves them for it. "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these," and all who can, come to see regal glory.

Elvira Floyd Froemcke, in the Delaware Sentinel.

If you have a kind word say it,
  Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest.
If you owe a kindness pay it;
  Life's sun hurries to the west.

Can you do a kind deed? Do it;
  From despair a soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
  Marching onward to the grave.

If some grand thing for to-morrow
  You are dreaming, do it now;
From the future do not borrow;
  Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
  Then to-day fulfill thy vow.
If you mean to help another,
  Do not dream it, do it now.

—*Glasgow Christian.*

A 24-page Weekly.

THE NEW UNITY

$2.00 per Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

ALFRED C. CLARK, 185 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Two distinguished Unitarians from the east have been with us lately, one Rev. S. M. Crothers, of Cambridge, Mass. who lectured in our Unity Club Course on "The Enjoyment of Poetry," charming everybody by the freshness and beauty with which he treated a most interesting theme; and Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Editor of the New England Magazine, Boston, who preached Sunday morning, a sermon of great power on "Some Patriotic and Religious Lessons from the Old South Meeting House," and on Monday afternoon gave a masterly address before the Philosophical Society of the University on "The Study of History." The visits of such men are of great service to the liberal cause here.

We have also had lectures in the Unity Club Course recently by Mr. A. L. Colton, for the past five years one of the astronomers at the Lick Observatory, on "The Moon," illustrated with extraordinarily fine stereopticon views of the moon; by Professor Wenley of the University, on "American Poetry," and by Professor Stanley, who is at the head of our School of Music, on "Bayreuth and the Wagner Festivals."

We were very grateful for a visit three weeks ago from Mrs. Mary B. Davis, of New York, corresponding secretary of the National Woman's Alliance. She made an address before our Ladies Union (local branch of the Alliance) which was very stirring. We need more such earnest, enthusiastic denominational work everywhere as Mrs. Davis is doing.

Mr. Sunderland has just completed a series of five Sunday morning sermons on "Religion and Evolution," which have attracted an unusually large student hearing. The demand is urgent for them to be printed in the College Town Pulpit, and they may be given to the public in that form.

Mrs. Sunderland has been delivering a short course of Sunday evening lectures on "Christ and the Madonna in Art," illustrated with stereopticon views of famous pictures by the great masters; and Mr. Sunderland has also been giving a short series of Sunday evening travel lectures on Holland and Switzerland. These lectures have ll packed the church to its utmost capacity, aisles and parlors included.

J. T. S.

CHICAGO.—Rev. J. J. Lewis, assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church, gave the last of a course of four illustrated lectures at All Souls Church, two on the Passion Play, one on Old New England and one on Our Canadian Cousins. To say that the pictures were superb and that the lecturer was not a show man but a good talker, illuminating with his words the already brilliant pictures, is to say none too much. We know of no man more available to the churches, Sunday schools and clubs that are likely to be within reach of this note than Mr. Lewis. He is liberal, sympathetic, earnest. His assistant is an artist in the handling of a magnificent lantern. We will rejoice for any community that is to be visited by Mr. Lewis and his efficient assistant, Mr. Bean.

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List of Books Approved by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday School Books from October to December 1897.

Post-Office Address, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

AARON IN THE WILDWOODS.—By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by O. Herford, 1897. New York and Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 270. $2.00.

An imaginative story of slave life in a swamp. Somewhat fanciful, but with excellent lessons. For children between ten and fourteen.

AMONG THE MEADOW PEOPLE.—By Clara Dillingham Pierson. Illustrated. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 127. $1.25.

Short stories of field-life, written for children of the kindergarten age.

THE BENHURST CLUB: OR THE DOINGS OF SOME GIRLS.—By Howe Benning. Boston. The Pilgrim Press. pp. 318. $1.25.

A story of the formation of a working-girls' club. Valuable lessons of mutual helpfulness taught. For girls over fourteen.

CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMER'CAN REVOLUTION.—By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. New York. The Century Co. pp. 248. $1.50.

Interesting stories of the battle-fields of the Revolutionary War. The book treats of historical matters all American children should know.

CITIZEN BIRD. Scenes in bird-life in plain English for beginners.—By Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues. Fully illustrated by Louise Agassiz Fuertes. The Macmillan Co., 1897. pp. 430. $1.50.

Lessons about birds given in the form of a narrative. For readers over nine.

COLUMBUS AND COOK.—The story of their lives, voyages, and discoveries. London and Edinburgh. W. & R. Chambers. pp. 152. $0.50.

Concise sketches of two interesting discoverers. This belongs to a set of Popular Biographies. For readers over thirteen.

COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE. From the gun-room to the quarter-deck.—By James Barnes. Illustrated. New York. D. Appleton & Co. pp. 168. $1.00.

A short, interesting account of a brave naval hero. Valuable for boys over fourteen.

Opens His Eyes.

Probably no one thing will more profoundly startle a man than to find out by actual proof what coffee drinking is doing for him. When he realizes that day after day the physical machinery is not working right, he naturally casts about for the cause, in order to stop it before it goes too far.

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Ten days use of the genuine Postum, properly boiled 15 minutes after boiling commences, tells surprising tales to partly sick men and women.

CURIOUS HOMES AND THEIR TENANTS.—By James Carter Beard. Illustrated. Appleton's Home-Reading Books. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 1897. pp. 275. $0.65 net.
Interesting book of natural history, containing many unusual facts; admirably illustrated. Suitable for children from ten to fourteen.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KLEPHTS, OR A GIRL OF MODERN GREECE.—By Isabella F. Mayo (Edmund Garrett). Illustrated. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1897. pp. 358. $1.50.
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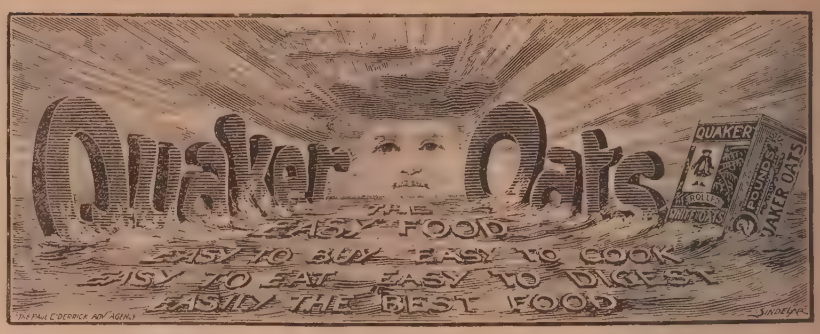

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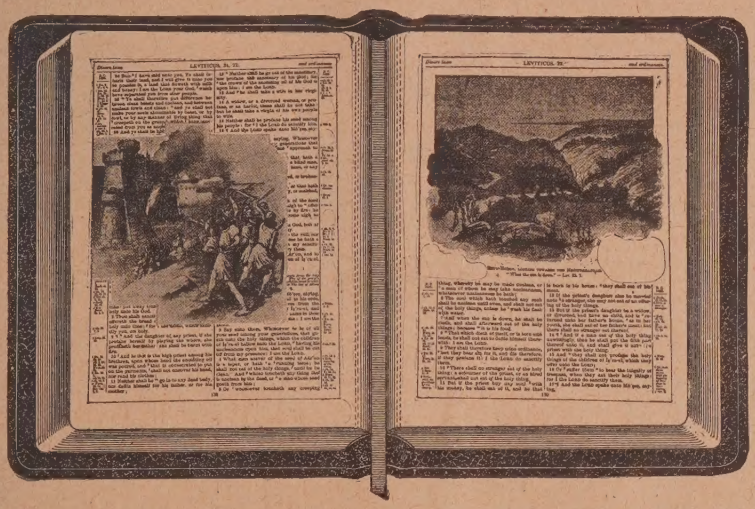

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣeṣ said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22; 20. 4.

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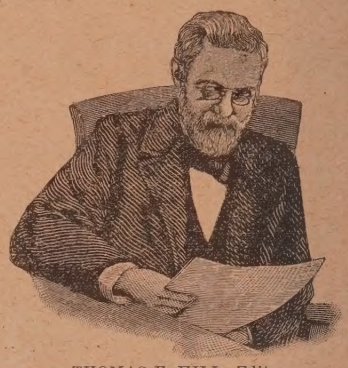

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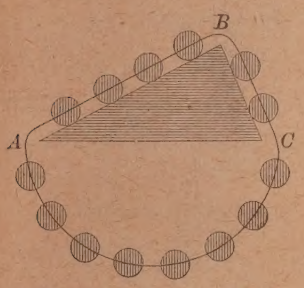

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